

The Hero.

My father was a farmer good,
With corn and beef in plenty;
I mowed, and hoed, and held the plough,
And long'd for one and twenty.
For I had quite a martial turn,
And scorn'd the lowing cattle;
I bind to wear a uniform,
Keep drums, and see a battle.

My birthday came: my father urged,
But stoutly I resisted;
My sister wept, my mother pray'd,
But off I went and listed.
They march'd me on this wet and dry,
To tunes more loud than chattering,
But lugging knapsack, box, and gun,
Was harder work than farming.

We met the foe, - the cannons roared,
The crimson tide was flowing,
The frightful death-grounds fill'd my ears,
I wished that I was moving.
I lost my leg, the foe came on,
They had me in their clutches;
I staid in prison till the peace,
Then hobbled home on crutches.

